

UP 219.40/13
An Excellent new

BALLAD.

To the TUNE of, noble Race was—

I.

O F doubtful Race was Georgy,
Ap King, ap Count, ap Mother;
But 'splutter o' Nails,
Her's Prince o' Wailes,
'Till Cot shall fend another.

II.

Her was the Duke of Cornwall,
And Earl too of West-chester;
And let her still,
Be what her will,
But not good Wales's Master.

III.

What tho' her Wife was born on
The same Day with St. Taffy?
Her never knew
Where green Leek grew,
Nor one good Penny gave ye.

IV.

But what said old Sir, Treuor,
Of own Wels Flood descended?
There was one Prince,
Enroll'd long since,
And how can that be mended?

V.

We own'd our Jemmy's Title,
Before George own'd the Younger,
And sure as Goat,
Wears shaggy Coat,
Well arm, and help him Conquer.

VI.

Tho' Jemmy did not come from
The Loins of good King Artur,
We count his Flood
Almost as good,
Since Her came from Charles the Martyr.

VII.

Shou'd we trace Georgy's Lineage
Up to its first beginning,
A Welfman's Louse,
Than his whole House,
Has petter Flood within him.

VIII.

Our Fathers kept their Freedom,
Nor foreign Yoke wou'd suffer;
Shall German then
Rule Wales her Men?
Cot's Plut! how her cou'd cuff her!

IX.

Rows up then warlike Pritons,
Retrieve your ancient Honour,
Let Jemmy come,
Send Georgy home;
What does he here?---Pox on her!

F I N I S.